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\* NUTHAMPTON HIT TUNES \*  
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.....to WAAF Site Warblers who have sweated out Spam Lines and gone to meet the Hun ....to the 398th senior birdmen seasoned by flak and English spirits ...to memories of a Luton lass and a million laughs, this scripture is hereby dedicated.

*Similar to  
Prayer them all*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

(tune 'Bless 'them all

In five thousand years, when they're digging for gold  
In mud that is slimy and slick,  
A Fortress they'll find there, all battered and burned,  
Eager beaver still holding the stick.  
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,  
The long and the short and the tall.  
Bless all the majors and their bastard sons,  
Bless all the colonels who spoil all our fun  
For we're saying goodbye to them all  
As back from the target we crawl  
There'll be no promotion this side of the ocean  
So cheer up my lads bless 'em all.

I BOMBED COLOGNE

(I walk Alone)

I bombed Cologne, with just a Mickey and G-box to guide me  
There were 10/10 to hide me, but I still felt alone, over Cologne  
I bombed Cologne and that's not all 'cause the 190's spied me  
I tried so hard to hide me, there were 109's too. What could I do?  
The flak was terrific all over the sky, each burst seemed meant for me  
The first was below me, the next was too high  
Then there was some close as could be  
I bombed Cologne, it seemed St Peter was right there beside me  
Took no time to decide me to leave Cologne.

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HARDSHIPS (Slowly, as with incantation)

Cross Twenty-four thousand miles of drink  
How our underwear did stink

(Chorus) HARDSHIPS YOU BASTARDS  
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HARDSHIPS ARE

Up to New Guinea we did go  
To fight the Japs from Tokyo

We slept with bugs we slept with snakes  
We all came down with fever shakes

Tojo came most every night  
Dropped greeting cards of dynamite

They swooped and swirled and sailed around  
And bombed our planes upon the ground

Then G.H.Q. said "Go Bomb Lee"  
Drop fragmentary bombs today

Ack Ack here and Ack Ack there  
The goddam Jeros everywhere

Back from Buna thru the pass  
A parachute stuffed right up my --

Month after month of this s---  
The CO said "Go rest a bit."

When we got down to old Brisbane  
We heard the brass hats cry in vain

Six bucks a day and regular pay  
The Japs two thousand miles away

When we get back to American shores  
The PD boys will be there before us  
Singing Hardships, etc.



From Hamburg to St Lo      From Bremen to Bordeaux  
Wherever the big friends go  
I've been on some milk runs, I've been on some rough ones  
But there is one thing I know:  
The Black Flak'll get you, a worrisome thing to leave you to sing  
The Blues in the Night  
See the bombers falling, hear the Jerries callin' "Achtung"  
The Jerries are two-faced.  
See the fires streaming, hear the fliers screamin' "Uncle"  
"I can't get my 'chute on"  
Well, Brother, you've had it  
The weather, the flak, a slug in the back  
And the Blues in the Night.

HARK HARK TWO ANGELS SING      (Mairzy Doots)

Merseburg and Magdeburg and little Ludwigshaven  
A kid'll go crazy too, wouldn't you?  
Disseldorf and Munster Hoff and pretty Peenemunde,  
A guy'd get lazy too, wouldn't you?  
There's not a chance for you to go to France  
It's really a shamesy-wamesy  
A telegram from Uncle Sam:  
"You're down in flamesy-wamesy"  
Merseburg and Magdeburg and little Ludwigshaven,  
A kid'll go crazy too, wouldn't you?  
A kid'll go crazy too, wouldn't you.

BLACK FLAK      (...in the BLUE SKIES)

Black Flak, shootin' at me: Nothin' but black flak do I see  
Flak, Jack is somethin to see; You don't need knock wack, cause its  
(free)  
Never saw the Flak look'in so black  
If it hits you, you ain't comin' back  
When you hear a crack right on your track  
Think of the slack back in the sack  
It's Black Flak, shootin' at me  
Nothin' but Black Flak, do I see

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS

...and you will never mind

Beautiful state of Montana  
Down where the girls are so cute  
Whose capital is Helena  
Whose biggest city is Butte  
Whose girls are so short and so stumpy  
And look like a cow from behind  
Come on and join the Air Corps  
And you will never mind

Come on and join the Air Corps  
It's a grand branch so they say  
You never do no work at all  
Just fly around all day  
While others work and study hard  
And so grow old and blind  
We take the air without a care  
And never never mind

Come on and get promoted  
As high as you desire  
You're riding on the gravy train  
When you're an Army flier  
But just when you are about to be  
A general, you will find  
your wings fall off, the ship folds up  
But you will never mind

You're flying o'er the ocean  
You hear your motor spit  
You see your prop come to a stop  
You goddam motor's quit  
You can't fly, and the ship won't float  
And the shore is miles behind  
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish  
But you will never mind

(cont. over----)



We are a bunch of heathens  
We do not give a snap  
About the groundlings point of view  
And all that sort of crap  
We want about 1000 ships of every other kind  
And of course our own air force  
And we will never mind.

You meet up with a jet  
He shoots you down in flames  
Don't waste your time a belly achin'  
Or calling the bastard names  
Just push your stick into the ground  
And pretty soon you'll find  
There ain't no hell and all is well  
And you will never mind.

They send you down to Nuthampstead  
And leave you there for years  
And if you start a bitchin'  
They'll pin back both your ears  
Oh, Nuthampstead is a lovely place  
As you will quickly find  
But we don't care, we're leaving there  
And we will never mind.

THE B-17 (we love you)

The big B is a very fine aircraft  
Constructed of rivets and tin  
It has a top speed of 120  
The ship with a built in headwind

Along came a dashing young pilot  
He cracked up this big hunk of tin  
The crew chief and gunners stood 'round him  
And these words he spoke to them

From the small of my back take the crankshaft  
The connecting rod out of my brain  
The cylinder head out of my kidney  
And assemble Pratt Whitney again.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR-PLATED DESK

When it's early in the morning and the engines start to roar  
You can see the old goat standing in his double Jamesway door,  
And he's sweating out the take-off as he's always done before--  
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK.

When the lead ship starts to quiver, and the end seems near at hand  
He'll observe you from his sofa with his headset on command  
And he'll say, "Go get 'em Fellers" with a mixed drink in his hand  
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

When your oxygen is leaking, and you cough and gasp and snort  
And the engines aren't working on your bullet-ridden Fort,  
He'll crawl out of bed and holler, "Any damn' fool can abort"--  
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

Oh, the MPI was covered, and the sky with flak was red  
And the bombs, they missed the target 'cause the bombardier was dead  
But the old fraud, nothing daunted, had him court-martialled instead  
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

When you're coming from the target with a couple engines out,  
And you're bucking all the propwash, you can hear the old goat shout  
To keep that airplane in formation while he paper fights the Kraut  
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK.

From his armor-plated briefing room he hears about the flak;  
To his armor plated mess hall for an armor-plated snack;  
Every time he dates his girl, it's in an armor-plated shack--  
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

Every morning down at briefing he says, "Men this is the one"  
"Get into formation, go out and kill the Hun"  
Then he steps into his office and breaks out a quart of rum  
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK